

This matter which is intended to be covered by the expression, "abandoned farms," is one that has a wide bearing, and is due to deep seated causes. In the first place, we have no abandoned

The Bureau of Animal Industry receives \$800,000, and tuberculosis, formerly not included in the specified diseases

specialties suited to his locality, or must build up for himself and his seed a reputation that only years of careful selection and the strictest personal oversight can establish; and when at last he has succeeded in producing or developing

The same line of reasoning will apply to young and growing pigs—that is to say, from the time of birth until they

halls filled with men from the country, the statute books would not be lumbered up with laws which no one understands, and which might better never have been thought of. The curse of legislation rests heavily upon this country at the

the lonely life of the settler and his family on the distant prairie, and contrasted it with the pleasant surroundings and pleasures of New England life of to-day with the privileges and opportunities it affords. The following are some of the points noted: "Opportunities do not

death of Professor Walter Balentine.
H. L. LELAND, E. Sangerville, } Committee
THOMAS DAGGETT, Foxcroft, } on
EDWIN DOORE, East, Dover, } Resolutions.

The Farmington Creamery turned out 900 lbs. of golden butter last week and quickly disposed of it all.

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ity sale and bring the best prices
market. The grower who suc-
must confine himself to the
s suited to his locality, or must
for himself and his seed a
n that only years of careful
and the strictest personal over-
a establish; and when at last he
seeded in producing or developing

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Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday,
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1894.

TERMS.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.
Mr. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our sub-
scribers in Cumberland County.
Mr. T. J. CARLE is now calling upon our sub-
scribers in York County.
Mr. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our
subscribers in Penobscot County.

It seems as though the wild straw-
berry plants were never covered with
such a profusion of blossoms as at pres-
ent; an augury of a bountiful harvest
of this most delicious of our Northern
fruitage, let it be hoped.

Our venerable and respected friend,
Hon. Albert W. Paine of Bangor, en-
tered upon the sixtieth year of his prac-
tice at the bar last Monday. It is said
that he is the oldest lawyer in contin-
uance of practice in New England.

How the hard times strike all sorts of
benevolent enterprises is seen in the fact
that the Congregational Home Mission-
ary society is \$57,000 behind last year in
receipts, and the American Unitarian
Association is equally hard up. Men
with diminishing incomes naturally cut
down their benevolences first.

"Good Queen Vio's" seventy-fifth
birthday was celebrated with great spirit
and animation, not only throughout Eng-
land, but by organizations of Englishmen
in the large cities of the country. May
the affairs of her kingdom continue in
peace and quiet throughout her benign
reign.

The British war-ship Blake has been
sojourning in our waters, giving Ameri-
can naval experts opportunity to com-
pare this English masterpiece with our
own Columbia and New York. In Bos-
ton, courtesies were extended to the Brit-
ish naval officers by Gov. Greenhalgh,
while the war-ship was brilliantly illumi-
nated.

Word has been received from the
Treasury Department at Washington
that a new counterfeit five dollar silver
certificate is in circulation. It is of the
series of 1891, check letter C, plate num-
ber 5, J. Forrest Tillman, register, D.
N. Morgan, and a portrait of Grant.
Many of these certificates are in circula-
tion in the East.

Yesterday, throughout the most of
this wide-extending country, Memorial
Day was celebrated with patriotic dem-
onstrations. In the large cities, as well
as in the most obscure village and ham-
let, the loving service to departed patri-
ots was paid. Memorial day has come to
stay; it is the National Sabbath of the
year; no other day can take its place or
awaken the memories it endures in the
human heart.

Rockland's newspaper war, which has
been attracting considerable attention
for the past nine weeks, is ended. With
Saturday's issue the *Rockland Sun* sus-
pended publication, leaving the field to
the *Rockland Daily Star*. This has been
brought about by an agreement arrived
at by the two publishing companies. No
one in his senses supposed for a moment
that Rockland could long support two
daily papers. They were both good
ones.

In those towns of the State that have
not availed themselves of sewerage facili-
ties, but resort to open drainage in gutters
or other places which they find the most
handy, great complaints are heard, on
account of the poisonous and deadly
odors that arise. Every town, however
small, should have a well defined system
of sewerage, begin work at once, and do
something every year in the direction of
carrying out the system. No town can
afford to long postpone this matter.

Northport will be the scene of a num-
ber of prominent meetings the coming
summer. The Teachers' Institute for
Waldo and Knox counties will begin on
August 6th, and last four days. The
Chautauque meeting will begin August
13th for a week; the Methodist camp-
meeting will begin August 20th. In July
the Maine Press Association will have
an excursion trip in Penobscot Bay, and
will probably make their headquarters at
Northport.

The Maine Press Association was
formed August 11, 1894. Only seven of
the original members are living, as fol-
lows: Col. John M. Adams of Portland,
Joseph A. Homan, Esq., of this city,
Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., of Lewiston,
Mr. Marshall N. Rich of Portland, Hon.
Eliphalet Rowell of Hallowell, Mr.
Frank G. Rich of Bangor, and Brown
Thurston, Esq., of Portland. The As-
sociation has been a source of mutual
good among its members and the frater-
nity generally.

Our readers will remember pleasantly
Rev. J. H. Eob, D. D., formerly pastor of
the old South church in this city. Rev.
Dr. Eob has now carried out the pur-
pose expressed a year ago, and re-
signed the pastorate of the Second Pres-
byterian church of Albany, N. Y. Dr.
Eob's action is equivalent to a with-
drawal from the Presbyterian denomina-
tion, and is due to the action of the
general assembly in the Briggs case a
year ago, and has probably been pre-
cipitated by the attitude of the
assembly toward Dr. H. P. Smith and
the liberal wing of the denomina-
tion. In his letter of resignation
Dr. Eob says: "The attitude of our
denominational courts toward the
minority renders it absolutely impera-
tive upon me, in self-respect and good
conscience, to withdraw from such un-
constitutional dictation, and from any
apparent consent to such an intolerant
and destructive use of our system of
government."

NATURE'S JEWELS, THE WILD FLOWERS.

"The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord, this arch of thine!"

Over the length and breadth of this
beautiful earth, like gems dropped by
the munificent hand of the Creator, the
wild flowers lie scattered in rich luxuri-
ance. The first herald of spring we
have had, the lovely trailing arbutus.
How many sweet and tender messages
it takes from friend to friend! How the
light of its pink, shell-tinted flowers
makes a hope spring up anew in our
hearts that a glorious resurrection time
is at hand, when the earth will once
again be clothed in beauty. As we see
it, the only living thing among the dead
leaves and general decay surrounding it,
we think how lovely are those blossoms
that

"Give to heaven the sweetness of their breath,
And to earth the beauty of their bloom."

Then, when the glorious spring-time
has fairly burst upon us, we have wild
flowers everywhere. Here, is a perfect
wealth of gold-studded dandelions set in
their beautiful green background. The
lawns and waysides have, recently been
sprinkled with them. There, tufted
knots of the modest violet, regal in its
vesture, but simple in its humility, seek-
ing as it does the commonest haunts
wherein to utter its sweetness; content
if it but give joy to the peasant, who
"homeward plods his weary way." These
follow the Mayflowers with their grace-
ful, festal robes, and impress us with
their meekness and delicate shading.

Along the banks of the purling stream,
pink and white anemones shine out of
their mossy beds like stars scattered here
and there by the angels, to brighten this
dull earth of ours. They nod their tiny
heads in disdain at the scarlet partridge
berry lying suppliant at their feet, and
coquettishly woo the crystal ripples of
the brook as it hastens on its pebbly
way, singing its little song. And ever
and anon the flowers listen to the pretty
verses as it glides coldly by:

"I come from haunts of cool and fern,
I make a sudden ally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley."

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharp and treble,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I bubble on the pebbles."

"I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots,
That grow for happy lovers."

"I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Some overhanging, moss grown rock
the lady columbine chooses for her
throne, and from her entrance she flings
out her pink or flame-colored banners to
the breeze—proud and defiant, and as if,
happy in her own conceits, she claimed
prestige as belle of the season. Then
there are golden buttercups, that some
of our people are cultivating in their
gardens, snow-white blackberry, and
wild strawberry blossoms, pussy willows,
and countless varieties in meadow and
wilderness "that make so gay the soli-
tary path where no eye sees them."

How depict with dull, colorless words
the yellow daffodil, the rainbow-tinted
iris, the honey-sweet pink and white
clove blossoms, the graceful lily of the
valley, or the wax-like mountain laurel?
Vain the task of him who would with
feeble pen portray the inimitable effects
in freckle, streak or stain, of His un-
rivalled pencil who "inspires their
baldy odors, bathes their eyes with
nectar, imparts their hues in grains as
countless as the seaside sands." Who
can render truthfully the tints and tones,
the lights and shades and harmonies of
the greenish-gray lichens, the soft,
brownish-green mosses, with here and
there a warm bit of coloring?

And now look upon the stretches of
upland meadow-land, and behold the
gorgeous growth of marguerites (field
daisies), at once the holiday rambler's
glory and the farmer's bane. Alas!
where these abound there is, it is true,
picturesque beauty enough to fill with
delight the lovers of nature, but with it
a barrenness that harrows the very soul
of the sons of the soil. The blue gentian
is noted for its exclusiveness, choosing
only certain favored haunts to open its
daintily fringed cup to the golden sun-
light of the mid-summer day.

Scarce are the summer glories faded,
than a fresh creation spreads new beau-
ties on the hillside and by the brooks,
in sunny dale and darkling wood, along
the green lane and amid sombre forest
shades. The wild flowers still hold
away over our hearts, and call forth our
homage, alike by their bright coloring,
varied beauties and rich contrasts. In
the brilliancy of the early autumn land-
scape, who is there among us whose
innate sense of the beautiful has not
been touched and quickened into life,
as patch upon patch of the golden rod,
waving its graceful plumes in the fresh-
ening air, breaks upon his enchanted
vision! Side by side with the profuse
and enduring golden rod, the wild aster
turns its purple disk to the sun, with
endless variety of tints and shading.

Ah, well, indeed, God has fashioned
and formed for our earthly dwelling a
beautiful world; but in no part of His
creation are His wisdom and power
more manifest than in the exquisite con-
formation, and delicate coloring of the
simplest wayside blossom. As is His
word, He is unsparring in the profuse-
ness and variety of the wild flowers, and
in His magnificent scheme of decoration
He scatters, not thousands of species in
one particular place, but apportions
new varieties to different climes and
countries. Thus at every step the eye
is charmed again and again, till satiety
becomes almost a pain, and the soul of
the creature is forced to pay, even un-
willingly, silent homage to that Divine
Artist, whose lightest, most careless
touches surpass in grandeur of effect
and harmony of coloring, the master-
pieces of the most gifted of His feeble
imitators. What are the costly and
elaborate efforts of the millionaire to
make of his palace a paradise, compared
with one of Nature's landscapes? In
contrast to all his artificial grandeur,
we instinctively think of the sweet
fragrance of the simple flowerets of the
green hillside, that give out their
mingled perfumes as if to greet our

coming, as we step upon the richly-
enamelled carpet woven by the hands of
a loving God, to delight and refresh His
creatures while pursuing the rough and
tollsome pathway of life, bearing the
heat and burden of the day. It is a
beautiful world, gemmed with those
lovely creations, the wild flowers, as the
firmament with stars.

As we pick up a humble little blossom
of the vale, and examine the exquisite
symmetry of its form, the delicate tints
and shading of its petals, its indescrib-
able grace and beauty, the sense of its
presence is forced upon us by the subtle
sweetness it exhales—its life-breath, so
to speak, and we exclaim with heart-
felt fervor, "Verily, not Solomon in all
his glory was arrayed as one of these."

Go, then, to the woods and fields, and
there drink from the living source of
beauty. Read in the open book of
Nature her great truths; let her fix for
you the principles of true art, and teach
you wherein true beauty consists; drink
in Nature's thoughts under the canopy
of heaven, and study how to group your
happiest effects on the carpet of the
earth. Seek in Nature your inspira-
tions, and put aside the morbid creations
and fantasies of an erratic taste and an
unbridled imagination. Nature is our
safest guide; with her for a guide, none
but healthful ideas of beauty and har-
mony in contrast and coloring can we
take away from the lessons she gives us
in her studio, the face of creation.

The collateral inheritance law, passed
by the last legislature, is a law that no
ordinary person can find out the mean-
ing thereof. Even the best interpreters
of the law are confused as to its mean-
ing, while some well known constitu-
tional expounders declare it to be un-
constitutional. Certainly the next legis-
lature will be called upon to do some-
thing with it; either expunge it alto-
gether from the statute books, or amend
it so that it can be understood.

The matter came up before the law
term in this city on Thursday. The case
coming directly before the court was
from Penobscot County, and the question
is this: Under the act of 1893, chapter
146, the sum of \$500 of estates coming
under the law is exempt from taxation.
Should that sum be taken from the
whole amount of the inventory in an es-
tate, and a tax of 2½% be put upon the
balance, or should the sum of \$500 be
taken out of each bequest or each sum
inherited, and the tax put upon the bal-
ance? In Kennebec County the Probate
Court holds that the tax should be
taken out of each bequest, or each in-
heritance, and the tax placed on the bal-
ance, while in Androscoggin County
the court held that the \$500 should
be taken out but once, and that out of
the whole amount of the inventory.

The second question raised is in re-
lation to the constitutionality of the act
itself. As there are many estates pending
in Maine that cannot be settled until
the law is defined, the decision of the
full bench on the questions stated above
will be awaited with interest.

The Corner Stones.
The time for laying the corner stones
of the Masonic Temple and the Lithgow
Library building, has been changed from
June 11th to Thursday, June 14th.

Grand Master of Masons, Horace Bur-
bank of Saco, and other Grand Lodge
officers, also Grand Commander of the
Grand Commandery, Knights Templar,
William J. Landers of Gardiner, Esq.,
Stearns of Norway, and other officers of
the Grand Chapter, will be invited.

The Grand Lodge officers perform
the ceremony of laying the corner stones,
assisted by Bethel and Augusta
Lodges, and Trinity Commandery and
Cushman Chapter participate in the
exercises. It is understood that among
the outside Masonic bodies which are to
be invited to participate will be Maine
Commandery of Gardiner, Dunlap Com-
mandery of Bath, St. Omer Com-
mandery of Waterville, Jerusalem Chap-
ter of Hallowell, Winthrop Chapter,
and Dunlap Chapter of China. A general
invitation has been extended to Blue
Lodge Masons in this district.

Governor Cleaves and staff, and the
Executive Council will be invited, and
will probably attend. The Mayor and
City Government will be invited to be
present.

Chief Justice Fuller of the United
States Supreme Court is expected to be
present. He will carry several days in
the city, and during his stay here will
probably be given a reception by Kenne-
bec bar.

Attend The Circus.
We pity the person, however old he
may have become, who has lost all
relish for the circus, its saw-dust be-
sprinkled ring, prancing horses and
"old fashioned" one in every respect, will ex-
hibit in Augusta, next Wednesday, June
6th, afternoon and evening. This cir-
cus, (Scribner & Smith's), exhibited
here last year, and was pronounced
every hand a complete success. This
show has 250 people, 125 horses, ten
cages of animals, three open dens in pa-
rade, three golden table cars, and eight
tents. The people from the country
should get in early, so as to see the
street parade. Few people care to miss
the circus.

The Murder.
County Attorney Carleton visited the
scene of the Monmouth tragedy on
Wednesday, and made a thorough in-
spection of the premises.

One clue as to the murderer has prac-
tically been abandoned, that of Horace
Reynolds, the horse stealer. It has been
very satisfactorily proven that Reynolds
was at Madison from Friday until Mon-
day morning, during which time the
murder was perpetrated. There is no
further clue as yet.

The heirs of the murdered man have
added \$500 to the town's award of that
amount, making \$1000 offered to the
person who discovers the murderer.

THE ONE BOOK.

We admire the truths and sentiments
recently uttered by the Rev. Dr. Sum-
merbell of Lewiston, in the annual ad-
dress before the Maine Bible Society.
He said, in substance:

Christianity holds its grip on the
human conscience through God's revela-
tion in His written word, the Bible. All
your teaching and preaching is but ex-
planation and expansion of the book,
which has been called the Religion of
Protestants, but which were better called
the mother of Protestants. Wherever
it circulates there is found a quickened
moral sense and a purer type of civiliza-
tion. Experience tested through pro-
tracted periods of time demonstrates that
no other composition compares with it
in power to attract the souls of men, and
enlist their highest capacities in the ser-
vice of God.

The Bible is a supremely interesting
book. It reaches every class and every
age. The mother whispers its stories
into the listening ear of childhood, and
the gray haired sire, waiting for death's
silent footstep, pores over its promises
of the life to come. The Oriental mind,
which delights in pictures, finds them
here; while the mind of the West, more
abstract and practical, discovers prob-
lems as deep as infinity and as long as
eternity. And this interest never sub-
sides. With other books there is a limit
of zest. Taking the best of them, your
Homer, your Shakespeare your Pilgrim's
Progress, will bear much repetition.
But you cannot read and reread these as
you do the Bible. This opens ever new
perspectives of thought and delightful
corroborations of truth, bringing what
has been dimly seen into bold relief.

The Bible is a stimulating book. It
opens the doorway into all the sciences
and philosophies. When one is in daily
communion with Abraham, and Moses
and Jesus, he cannot be little. Daniel
Webster recommended reading the Bible
to law students as a part of their train-
ing for the bar, and Bossuet practiced
reading a chapter of Isaiah before writ-
ing his sermons. If this was wise, we
may be assured that the nation which
accustoms itself to reading this book
will be both prosperous and intelligent.
But the Bible is an abiding book. It is
one of those old things, like the fresh
breath of a spring morning, or the home
coming after a journey, or the genesis of
love, which, though as old as the race,
are yet ever fresh in the charm of a new
experience. This is one of the hard
facts, which unbelted shrinks from en-
countering. It does not attempt to ex-
plain why a book, parts of which are
older than Moses, and no part of which
is later than the first Christian century,
is still warm and glowing, and in touch
with the latest thought of this age.

This perennial freshness of the old Bible
is a marvelous thing. Other books die,
this Book lives. It survives all contro-
versies. As Bonar gives the figure:

Against this sea swept rock,
Ten thousand storms will
Of foam and rage have wildly spent;
It lifts its calm face still.

For this livingness of the Bible un-
belief does not account. We explain the
phenomenon, for we realize that every
chapter was coined at white heat from
the author's heart, and stamped with the
superintendence of the Holy Ghost.

And then the Bible is an unfolding
book. In your schools as the pupil ad-
vances the old text book is discarded,
but there is no such outgrowing the
Bible. As the man develops insight,
the book develops to his vision. Here
we find taught all that we know of the
origin of man, of spiritual existence, of
God in his nature and character, and of
Jesus Christ, and the more we learn of
all these, the clearer our apprehension
of the riches of grace in Christ Jesus.

But more remarkable still, the Bible
is authoritative. It claims to be the
book of God, and it substantiates this
contention. Those who read it are satis-
fied that God speaks through it to His
earthly children. The people feel that
they spurn any substitute, which of-
fers in place of God's truth the theories
and speculations of men. An imitation
Bible will not sell in the market, it can
scarcely be given away. But the Bible
itself is in demand. It is a gift from
Heaven.

Thy thoughts are here, my God,
Expressed in words divine,
The utterance of heavenly lips.
In every sacred line.

The bad, though they may not follow
its teachings respect it, while the good
walk about in the garden of revelation
with holy prophets and apostles, and
with Jesus, the Son of God, and listen
and obey and rejoice with exceeding joy.

Out of it came the Protestant Reforma-
tion. But for this book there would
have been no Wickliffe, no Knox, no
Calvin, no Luther. All our faith rests
here. All our Protestant symbols and
confessions have their root and ground
in Holy Scripture. Behind all the
sweetness of gospel song, and the power
of persuasive speech we need the support
of trust in the Word of God and familiar-
ity with its teachings. It is said of
Apollas, that he mightily convinced the
Jews, and that publicly, showing by the
Scriptures, that Jesus was the Christ.
But if the people had not known their
Scriptures, of what avail this most
brilliant argument or his tenderest
pleadings.

For this age, and for the one to follow
it, our one hope is in the Book of Books.
Circulate the Bible. Have it read on
the Sabbath day, and on every day have
some portion recalled and pondered upon,
the people feeding on the Word. Bring
that about and you will have easy execu-
tion for your laws. Your industries
will flourish. Your homes will be pure.
Your prisons will be empty. Your
young men and maidens will grow up
to useful and successful lives, and your
earnest prayers and faithful preaching
will not be in vain.

In view of the multiplicity of murders
in Maine, the people will soon be in
favor of a little wholesome, legal hang-
ing.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe reached her
75th birthday on Saturday, and it was
highly celebrated at her home on Marl-
boro street, Boston.

MEMORIAL SERVICES IN AUGUSTA.

Preliminary to the observance of Me-
morial Day proper, services were held on
Sunday evening at the Granite church,
the large audience room being crowded,
and hundreds being turned away unable
to gain admission. A portion of the
body of the house was reserved for mem-
bers of the Seth Williams Post G. A. R.,
and the camp of the Sons of Veterans.
Exercises proceeded in accordance with
the following programme:

Organ Prelude,
Anthem, "To thee, O Country,"
Invocation,
Response,
Scripture Reading,
Prayer,
Musical Selection,
Hymn 470,
Sermon,
Concluding Hymn, "America,"
Benediction,
Organ Postlude.

The sermon, by Rev. Mr. Cummings,
was among the happiest efforts of this
popular preacher. These words from
Holy Writ, formed the subject of the
patriotic and stirring address: "Honor
to whom honor is due." He looked at
the sacrifice made by the American
soldier from the Christian standpoint and
eulogized his heroism, drawing vivid
illustrations and practical points for the
same.

On Wednesday occurred the decora-
tion of graves in the various cemeteries
of the city. In the afternoon at 2
o'clock, a procession was formed in the
following order, and marched over the
usual route, to the cemeteries, return-
ing to Monument square:

Augusta Police,
G. F. Gannett, Marshal, and Staff,
Higgins Military Band,
Sons of Veterans,
Augusta Fire Department,
Cushman Hose No. 1,
Atlantic Hose No. 2,
Columbia Hose No. 3,
Fine Tree Hose No. 4,
H. T. Morse Hose and Ladder Company,
St. John's Baptist Band,
The Baptist Society,
Seth Williams Post,
Disabled Soldiers and Sailors Relief Corps,
Mayor and President of the City,
U. S. Marshal, and City Clerks,
Augusta city government, clergy and citizens.

The evening exercises, presided over
by Mayor Milliken, were held in Meonian
Hall. The Grand Army men, the Sons
of Veterans, and others of our citizens,
filled the hall. Several of the city clergy-
men participated, and excellent music
was furnished by Higgins' Military
Band.

The oration was by Mr. Walter D.
Stinson of this city. It was a well writ-
ten, patriotic and able production, de-
livered with force and clearness, and
was received with emphatic demonstra-
tions of approval.

The speaker began by picturing the
little child watching a departing regim-
ent and then illustrated the lapse of
time since the war by showing
this child as the present speaker. He
spoke of the long years of distrust be-
fore the war, down to the firing on Sum-
ter. He then rapidly drew pictures of the
war and its battles, its joys and sorrows,
its struggles and triumphs, down to the
peace of the long years, and the great
tribute to the memory of the soldiers,
the women, and the Statesmen, who did
so much in their various fields of action
for the preservation of the Union.

He then spoke of the lessons of the war.
How the day teaches patriotism to the
young; that the National Government is
greater than the individual State; that
the ballot box is to be protected by all.
He called on the veterans to teach the
coming generation not only the story of
the war but what it meant, what the
principles were which were fought for;
to tell them what had been accomplished
since the war in material results; to
teach them to love the flag wherever dis-
played; to teach them to love the Union;
to teach them to love the memory of those
living and dead, who took part in the
colossal conflict, which closed at Appom-
ttox. The address closed with the follow-
ing peroration in memory of the comrades,
who were returned from the Southern
battle fields: "It is not for me who was
a child at that time, to again remind you
of all that it meant for him to have gone
forth to fight for his country. To feel
the full force of what he suffered, you
must have been with him, shoulder to
shoulder, on the battle field, suffered with
him in the army hospital, hungered and
thirsted with him on the march—or
worse—entered with him into the pesti-
lential prison pen. No words or pen
pictures can portray all the trials he
went through to accomplish the grand
results which he attained. It is not
alone to the general officer with his re-
sponsibilities, but to the plain private
soldier with his great determination, his
courage, his faith, that we owe the fruit
of the victory. And to him be all honor
and glory as long as this Republic stands;
for it is through him, and through his
bravery and self-sacrifice, that we have
now sit upon her throne, a very Queen
among the nations of the earth."

The survivors of that dreadful four
years' fighting we have with us, and
though they number them to honor and
to emulate. They are the living mem-
orials whose coats of blue and Grand
Army badge tell a story more eloquent
than graven bronze or sculptured marble.
They are those who formed history;
who gained our victory; who saved our
Union.

The laurel waves for them; but for
the comrades who never returned, whose
names are on the Southern soil far
from the New England home, we to-day
wear the cypress. It is meet and prop-
er that it should be so; that for one
day in the year we should pause from
the busy hum of industry and from our
active life and once again contemplate
all that this history means; that we
should do honor and reverence to the
memory of those who laid down their
lives in order that their country might
live, and that we should be made aware
of the standing of our land in the world
and tears for those who have gone on-
ward to fame's eternal camping ground,
and silently laid themselves down in
their places in the bivouac of the dead.

For them no more the rolling of the
drum salutes with its reveille the morn-
ing sun; for them no more the bugle's
call ushers in the glittering stars of
night; for them the cannon's roar eternal-
ly is stilled; for them wars and rumors
of wars are forever ended; and yet to-
night we gratefully remember them,
their struggles, their sacrifices and their
triumphs. And as we depart hence to
resume the vocations of peace made pos-
sible by their heroism, the eye of faith
and hope can behold them, battle-scarred
warriors, joining again the serried ranks
of the spectral regiments of the Grand
Armies of all Nations on the Elysian
fields of the Great Beyond. Silently
and proudly they fall into the marching
ranks of the heroes who have fallen for
home and country in all the ages of
the world, beneath banners upon whose mis-
tled folds are emblazoned in letters of
fire this eternal lesson that country is
more than the man: "No man liveth for
himself alone, but each for all. It is
necessary that some must die that the
State may live. The citizen is at best

for to-day, while the commonwealth is
for all time."

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear guests of the Granite church!
No impious footstep here shall tread
The heritage of your grave;
Nor shall your story be forgot
While Fame her record keeps.
Or shall your story be forgot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

You marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell:
Nor woe, nor change, nor winter's blight
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That glides your glorious tomb."

CITY NEWS.

—The U. S. pension office in this city
requires \$700.00 for the current quarter.

—The Blaine house has been reopened,
and Mrs. Blaine is expected here soon.

—The late S. S. Brooks has been insured
on his life for \$12,000.

—The city has authorized a temporary
loan of \$25,000, until this year's taxes
are due.

—Dr. Geo. Randall, who went to Cali-
fornia for his health, has returned to
the city in improved health.

—The present graduating class in the
grammar school numbers thirty-eight
members.

—Mrs. C. M. Glidden's advertisement,
in another column, should attract the
attention of our lady readers.

—A band of gypsies passed through
here last week. They looked like a
fragment of Cooey's army.

—Dr. Amos Wilder is having the
"club house" moved a few rods on to his
lot at Hammond's Grove.

—Rev. C. S. Cummings has been in-
vited to deliver the baccalaureate ser-
mon at Bridgton Academy, June 24.

—The busy farmers have now but
little time to visit town for the purpose
of shopping.

—Mr. Charles B. Chick is fitting up a
nice, cozy home at the corner of Capitol
and Page streets.

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Items of Maine News.

A. M. Fuller & Co., in Rockland, dealers in groceries and provisions, are embarrassed, and have suspended.

Mr. Robert Sargent, a native of Bangor, died in Portland, Ore., May 15th. He was a son of Robert Sargent of Bangor.

By the report of Comptroller of the Treasury at Washington, it is shown that the national banks of Maine have to the amount of \$184,801,000,000, resources to the amount of \$184,801,000,000.

There are lots of salmon running in the Penobscot river at present, and a number of strikes are got at the pool every day and more or less fish landed.

Joel Hinkley of Rangeley, a wealthy North Franklin farmer and business man, died at his home, Tuesday, June 1st. The cause was heart failure.

Elmer E. Farmer of Billerica, Mass., has been elected principal of the Portland north grammar and primary school, at a salary of \$1500. He is a graduate of Colby, class of 1886.

City Treasurer Callahan of Lewiston has advertised for bonds to the amount of \$50,000, to be refunded by the city. They are expected to bring a premium.

The jury in the York Supreme Court, at Alfred, Tuesday 22d, gave a verdict of guilty against ex-Deputy Sheriff Freeman Hanson of Hollis, charged with resisting an officer.

The large three-masted schooner Viola of Perry, was sold at a United States marshal's sale, at Boston, Wednesday, for \$17,500. The purchaser was Wm. D. Trow.

The Granite Company's large boarding-house at North Jay, containing about fifty boarders, was burglarized Wednesday night, and a quantity of money and jewelry taken from the different rooms.

The Medomak Mutual Life Insurance Company of Waldoboro began business Thursday, May 24th, by issuing policies to the amount of \$50,000. This company is now doing business in Bremen, Nobleboro and Waldoboro.

Salmon at Green Lake near Ellsworth have commenced to come to the surface as the water grows warmer, and several fish have been taken this week.

Three were caught Monday, and several others hooked and lost.

At the Bates Commencement concert, June 28, the Beacon Male Quartet will be a feature, with Daisy Carroll Hoyt as reader.

Mr. Winters, a native of Bangor, and Miss Hamlin, violinist and soprano, respectively, are the rest of the talent.

Maine Postmasters appointed: A. H. Burton, Burtonville, vice Isaac Burton, Jr., deceased; Mrs. Eva A. Lee, Bangor, vice Carrie B. Watson; Charles E. Smith, Fairfield Centre, vice James H. Hill, Alexander Robb, West Pittsfield, vice Mrs. M. A. Garfield.

An invalid's home, to be called the Anna Walker Home, in recognition of the memory of the late Mrs. Anna Walker, widow of Joseph Walker, who was the Walker library to the city of Westbrook, has been incorporated in Portland. Mr. Geo. C. Frye is President.

Joseph Moore, a negro living in Rockland, seems to be the victim of an unconquerable desire to steal clothes. He has not so far been discharged from the Knox county jail a few weeks ago, after a four months' confinement for stealing clothes, than he was returned for repeating precisely the same offense.

The executive committee of the Maine Pharmaceutical Association, and the association at Portland, June 28 and 29. Druggists from all parts of the State will be in attendance and it is expected that the occasion will be made very pleasant for all.

Some unknown persons placed an iron rail across the track of the Somerset railway just ahead of the regular passenger train, May 23d. The engineer saw it in time to avoid a serious accident and slowed up so as to strike the rail just hard enough to throw the train from the track, doing no serious damage. They soon got on the track again and proceeded to Bingham.

Business is rapidly increasing at the factory of the Kennebec Shoe Company in Richmond. Orders are coming in at the rate of thirty cases a day, and the managers of the several departments are getting the work along as fast as is possible with the means at their disposal.

To facilitate the business of the Kennebec shoe factory, the Kennebec shoe machines will be added to the stitching room equipment while other departments will be furnished with everything necessary for carrying on the work.

When the workmen employed at William's quarry in Rockland, went to work Wednesday morning they found that large rope supporting a ladder by which the men descended into the quarry had been cut off. The place where the rope had been cut was covered with rubbish and it was only by chance that one of the workmen discovered it. If the flaw had not been discovered the first man attempting to descend would have been precipitated to the rocks, two hundred feet below. It is thought to be the act of some person with malicious intent.

By the death of the widow of Dr. Joseph Potter the town of Sebago has come into possession of some \$40,000 to be devoted to educational purposes. Dr. Potter was a native of Sebago and died in Cincinnati some years ago. His will, after making various bequests, provided that the residue of the property on the death of Mrs. Potter should be used as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the maintenance of a school at Sebago. A town meeting will be called this week to take the necessary action on the part of the town, choose a board of directors to handle the funds and provide for the building of a school house. It is hoped that an academy will be erected.

Pittsfield has voted for water works, but may not get them this year. The water company has signed the agreement accepted by the town, but the committee representing the town refuse to sign it. They say that some of its terms should be altered and as the vote of the town simply instructs them to execute the contract, with no authority to make changes, they prefer further instruction from the town before ratifying the agreement. The company, on their part, say the contract is ready and in a favorable position to be accepted by the town as it is, and that it is getting late in the season; and so they have unanimously voted to abandon the idea of putting in the works this year. This idea does not suit the people and another town meeting will probably be called.

On Sunday Melvin Bessey of Bowdoinham attacked his wife, Louise, with a knife, and inflicted wounds from which she will probably die. About a year ago Bessey and wife moved from Fairfield to Bowdoinham, where Bessey secured work as a teamster at Fogg's saw mill. Bessey is a man about 40 years, and his wife about 42. She had been before married, and they had frequent quarrels, and she is spoken of as a pleasant, kind-hearted, respectable woman. The only explanation of the motive is that Bessey had become insanely jealous over some fancied reason, and he determined to end it and to the trouble by taking her life. He acknowledges that he attempted to murder her, but he says he has a preliminary examination, and been taken

to the hospital. He says he has a preliminary examination, and been taken

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Bangor, Me.

Hood's Cured Me

Nervous Headaches—Intense Misery

Hood's Sarsaparilla Proved Its Merit.

In Bangor, Me., many people have been restored to health by Hood's Sarsaparilla, among them Mrs. William H. Pitcher, wife of a well-known carpenter and stair builder, who writes:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"About eight years ago I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for headache, with which I had been troubled for some time. There were days that I would have to lie in a dark room with my eyes covered so I could not see a ray of light or hear a sound, as I would go almost wild. My nervous system was badly run down. I decided to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial, and found in a short time that

it was benefiting me.

I continued regularly until I had taken ten bottles. It cured me, and from that time until a year ago I have been free from headaches and

nervous spells. I was thrown from a carriage last fall and injured my head. It affected my nerves so I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla again. It has helped me and

I am myself again.

My folks have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and also realized much help from it. In fact more from Hood's than from any other medicine they have taken." Mrs. WILLIAM H. PITCHER, 100 Broadway, Bangor, Maine.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any other brand.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c. per box.

to Auburn jail to await trial in August on the charge of assault with intent to kill.

A man giving the name of J. King Potter came to Portland ten days ago and inserted this advertisement in the morning paper, "Wanted a young man to go to work for me as a month and expenses. Must have about \$100 cash."

A young man in West Gouldsboro saw the advertisement and wrote to Street Commissioner Staples to know if the offer was genuine. Mr. Staples handed the matter over to the police. A detective was put on the case and Friday morning induced Potter to sign a contract giving the job in consideration of \$50. After the papers were all made out, the detective declined to pay over the money and arrested Potter under false pretenses. Potter's scheme was to get as much money as he could out of as many men as possible, agreeing to give each a job in the novelty business, packing goods to be sold on the road. Potter is thought to have been working this plan in other cities. He has been advertising in Boston as well as Portland papers. He is 60 years old, weighs 100 pounds, has gray hair and mustache. He cannot say anything to any one. He is evidently an experienced swindler and knows enough to keep his mouth shut. He was bound over for a hearing on Friday.

From Penobscot to Kennebec River.

Last Monday, the 21st, we had a delightful drive with horse and carriage. Starting from Swanville we passed through the following named towns: Waldo, Belfast, Morrill, Searsport, Montville, Liberty, Palermo, Windsor, China and Vassalboro, arriving at the home which gave us birth on the second day. As we neared the Kennebec, we could but notice the advanced state of vegetation, and it was observed that on the Kennebec it was certainly a week ahead of eastern Waldo county. Whereas, when we started, only plum and crab apple trees were well blossomed, here they were in full bloom. Potatoes, corn, beans and peas, and grain were more forward than here. We had the pleasure of attending the Junior Exhibition at Oak Grove Seminary, on Wednesday evening, May 23d. This institution of learning is well known. The exhibition was fine, and all rendered their parts exceptionally well. We heard it remarked by several good judges, had there been a prize awarded it would have been won by Miss Alice M. Colman of Vassalboro. There was no repetition, and her articulation was good, and every word could be heard distinctly by the crowded assembly.

Times are seemingly improving all along the line. Through Palermo, China and Windsor there is much interest for the W. & Q. R. R. Files of railroad ties were in Palermo, near Branch Mills, being placed along the line of the proposed road. A good business is being done at Holmes Mills, West Swanville. An arriving home, the 26th, found the District Lodge of I. O. G. T. in session, being entertained by Swan Lake Lodge. Although the rain had been falling, and in consequence of new made roads, it was pretty muddy, there was a good delegation.

Two large white dogs, a bulldog and a hound, terrorized the live stock of Buckport and killed eight sheep from nearly as many different flocks, Tuesday. They drove a valuable horse far from home pasture and were still pursuing their bloody career when Eugene Coombs, with his trusty rifle and unerring aim, laid the ferocious brute low.

Rev. Wm. F. Obar, pastor of the Maplewood Congregational Church, Mass., died at his home Wednesday night, of diabetes, aged 60. He had preached in Portland, Winthrop and Newcastle, Maine, and was a strong temperance worker. He was a man very much beloved. He leaves a widow, son and daughter.

Unless your envelopes state the number of days you wish your letters held, the Postmaster, by a new ruling, will hold them 30 days instead of 10. This is important to men who do not wish their letters, when not delivered, detained over 5 or 10 days.

During the last year the postmasters of this country handled nearly 4,000,000 stamped pieces of paper.

The Ancient Order. Workmen of this city, though among the youngest, is among the most enterprising and growing in the State. It has indeed had a most remarkable and progressive career, and a wonderful growth, it having been started during January, 1893, and to-day having 246 members and 75 applications on file. The membership is made up largely of young men, mechanics, who form the very life of the community.

This lodge celebrated its first anniversary on Thursday evening, the members inviting their friends to a rich entertainment given at the Opera House, and every seat was occupied, as well as every available inch of standing room. Rev. J. F. Leland was chairman of the meeting, which was opened by prayer by Rev. E. C. Hayes.

Addresses were made by Grand Master Workman Mitchell of Salem, Mass., Grand Foreman Higgins of Providence, R. I., Grand District Deputy Phelan of Waldoboro, Past Grand Master Workman A. G. Andrews, Rev. C. S. Cummings, Rev. E. E. Newbert, Frank Ingalls of Bangor, and others. The main feature of the evening was of course the fine concert given by the Cecilia Quartette of Portland, composed of ladies, each one of whom is an artist. The reader, Miss Agnes Mabel Sanford, carried the house by storm, with her extremely natural characterizations. Augusta Lodge has the thanks of the community for providing this excellent entertainment. May the wonderful growth of this order continue.

A Motor for the Old Fellows.

One of those "steam engine" bicycles, that the funny papers have been cracking jokes about ever since the bicycles were first created, is actually coming to Portland. It is the real thing, too. It is called a motor bicycle. It will be in shape like the every day safety, except that it will be much stronger built and the pneumatic tires will be four inches in diameter, just twice as big as the average. Just in the rear of the rear wheel, and about on a level with the hub, and held in place by braces from the hub and from the frame above, is the motor. It is one of those little steam engines that kerosene oil in a state of combustion will operate. The steam works weigh about 15 pounds. The entire bicycle will weigh but 50 pounds, no more than the high grade safeties of four years ago. The little motor operates upon the hub of the rear wheel with a piston-rod. It will drive the bicycle at the rate of a mile a minute. The mounting of the bicycle starts the motor. The speed can be of course be regulated. There are pedals on the bicycle for use in case of emergency. That is just the machine for the old fellows who feel a little ticklish about riding the boys' bicycles.

Athletes at Onono.

The first annual field day of the Maine State College was held at Onono training park, Wednesday afternoon. The college band, E. S. Cowan, leader, furnished most enjoyable music. The one hundred yards dash was won by P. G. Palmer, class '90, 10 seconds. Putting 116 pound shot was won by H. H. Heywood, '90, 31 feet, 8 inches. Half mile bicycle race, won by Heywood, '90, 1 minute and 24 seconds. Throwing 16 pound hammer, won by Heywood, '90, 73 feet, 8 inches. Two hundred and twenty yard hurdle, won by H. Murray, '94, 31 seconds. Pole vault, won by G. W. Bass, '97, 8 feet 8 inches. Running high jump, won by Heywood, '90, 17 feet, 3 inches. Two mile bicycle race, won by M. E. Ellis, '90, 6 minutes, 12 seconds. Half mile race, won by Murray, '94, 2 minutes, 21 seconds. Running broad jump, won by Heywood, '90, 17 feet, 3 inches. Standing broad jump, won by G. Halley, '95, 9 feet, 4 inches. Two hundred and twenty yard dash, won by P. B. Palmer, '90, 20 seconds. Running high jump, won by Heywood, '90, 4 feet, 10 inches. Referee, A. E. Sawyer, Bangor.

Sport at Rangeley.

The annual spring fishing at the Rangeley Lakes began earlier this year than usual, for the ice left the lakes much earlier than it has for years. Those who ought to know say that fishing is better than it has been for a long time. Hundreds of trout have been caught, and the numerous persons who are now visiting the lakes are abundantly rewarded. We notice that Mr. E. G. Simpson of Brunswick, who is in his eightieth year, has recently made his annual trip to Bemis, having his usual good luck. In his string of trout he took one weighing eight pounds.

No Trial.

Mrs. Clara Emma Getchell, who was recently convicted of murdering her husband, was brought into court Thursday morning, and before Judge Wiswell, her counsel, Hon. Herbert M. Heath, made a motion for a new trial. Mr. Heath said he did not desire to be heard upon his motion. The Judge ruled pro forma, denying the motion. This sends the case to the Law Court, and it will be heard next year at the May law term. Mrs. Getchell remaining in Kennebec jail meanwhile.

At the second day's sale of horses at Draper & Hall's stable, Boston, last week, consignments being of high bred stock by members of the N. E. Trotting Horse Breeders' Assn. the prices range low, the highest paid being for Elector, by Whip, son of Electioneer, the amount being \$500.

J. M. Forbes' half dozen colts brought a total of \$1050. Timour, a 4 year-old, brought \$85; Queen Mab, a 3 year-old filly by Sultan, \$220; Okequa, a 2 year-old filly by St. Bell 2345, brought \$275; Vasco, a yearling by Edgemark 216, sold for an even \$200; Mountain Mist, a roan filly foaled in '91, by Prodigal, \$115, and Corolla, a 6 year-old bay Kentucky saddle, \$155.

A most remarkable case, that probably cannot be duplicated in Maine, exists in what is known as the Lee school district in Foxcroft, where a mother and two daughters are attending the school taught by Miss Mary Weston. The three are legal pupils, all being between the age of four and twenty-one years.

The hog packers of this country last year killed and packed 30,012,000 hogs.

RECAPS OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Revolutionary Influence on the Agriculture of the World.

Hardly a corner of the globe is so remote that it has not felt the civilizing influence of our great World's Columbian Exposition.

Thanks to it, primitive methods in manufacture and agriculture are rapidly giving way to the advanced ideas learned at the World's Fair. In no line is this awakening more pronounced than in harvesting machinery. This may be directly traced to the famous Northwest harvest tour made by half a hundred foreign commissioners last August. Already the Sultan of Turkey has ordered a Deering Binder for use on his imperial domains, upon the recommendation of Hon. A. G. Adickian, his agricultural representative at the fair; and orders are coming in from Russia, Roumania, Great Britain, Hungary, and in fact every grain-raising nation on the globe.

Hon. Sen. Tilden, the Japanese imperial commissioner, was so deeply impressed with harvest scenes on the North Dakota bonanza farms, that he enthusiastically wrote to the Deering people: "When I went to North Dakota to see wheat harvesting during the World's Fair, I saw your Harvesters and Binders operated, and am convinced that they are the best machines for harvesting that I have seen, and I believe that they will contribute to the benefit of our people if introduced into our country."

BULGARIA HEARD FROM.

Professor Vuklo I. Shopoff, the commissioner from Bulgaria, a great wheat-raising country, upon returning from the tour, enthusiastically wrote: "The work of the Deering Binders, as seen on the great Larimore farm, surpasses all my expectations. It will give me special pleasure to recommend to our farmers to supply themselves with your machines, as thereby they will save a great deal of time, labor and expense."

DEERING BINDERS IN RUSSIA.

But the effect of the American harvesting machines upon Russia has been the most pronounced. Hon. Edward Mitscherlich, the agricultural representative of the Czar, and one of the floor committee of awards at the Fair, writing to Wm. Deering & Co., from St. Petersburg, says: "The prosperity of North Dakota made a striking impression on me, and I believe that the two chief factors which created this prosperity are the railroad and agricultural machinery, among which latter the most important is your self-binder. I saw hundreds and hundreds of them working, day after day, without stopping, and with such efficiency and accuracy that I am sure that the first-rate agriculturalists at the farmers of North Dakota are showing for your Binders is the best testimonial of the high qualities of your machines."

As a result of Mr. Mitscherlich's recommendation, a Deering machine has been ordered by the Russian government for exhibition in the Imperial Agricultural Museum at St. Petersburg.

Other Russian representatives were similarly impressed, and as a result, we are told that many carloads of Deering Binders and Mowers have already been consigned to St. Petersburg, Odessa and other great Russian agricultural centers.

HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT BUYS DEERING.

Hon. Ivan Othlik, Royal Hungarian Commissioner, made a deep study of harvesting machines both at the World's Fair and among the North Dakota bonanza farms. Upon his return to Budapest he so strongly recommended the Deering machine, and as a result, we are told that many carloads of Deering Binders and Mowers have already been consigned to St. Petersburg, Odessa and other great Russian agricultural centers.

CAPTAIN CONCAS GROWS POTENTIAL.

The nineteenth century Columbus Captain Vm. M. Concas, commander of the Spanish Caravels, writing from his headquarters in Cuba says: "The magnificent spectacle which was presented before us, of forty-three of the wonderful Deering Binders, is without doubt the best example of the energy of the European races which people America to-day."

Clear-cut as his outcries come a message from Hon. John P. Atkinson, the cutter of Sheffield, England, and judge of cutlery at the World's Fair. Says he: "The most interesting incident of that agreeable and instructive trip to North Dakota was undoubtedly the demonstration of the Deering Binders, which were shown to me by a battalion of forty-three Deering Binders; and the ease and efficiency with which they did their work was most extraordinary. As a maker of knives, I have seen many harvesting machines at work, but I certainly never saw any do the work as well as yours. The draught was particularly light for the amount of wheat harvested, and not a single machine was damaged or in need of repair the whole day from any cause."

The same features of excellence that aroused the enthusiasm of the foreign commissioners showed themselves also in the existing World's Fair field trials, held in Colorado, that the Deering people were given sixteen awards given to the seventeen exhibitors of harvesting machinery.

Hon. Hannibal R. Smith of Auburn died at his home, Thursday, of heart failure, at the age of 77 years. He had been ill for some time. Mr. Smith was widely known and esteemed. He was Mayor of Auburn in 1877 and 1878, had previously served in the city government as alderman several years and had been a member of the Maine House of Representatives two terms before he was Mayor. He was one of the founders of the Court Street Baptist church, Auburn, and had large property interests in the city. He went to Auburn from Hallowell, his native place, in 1851. He was the son of Capt. Samuel Smith of Hallowell, and was one of a family of seven children, the only survivor being Mrs. Major E. Rowell of Hallowell. Mr. Smith married for his second wife, Mrs. Augusta, formerly Miss Anna Sager of Hallowell, who survives him.

A trial has been made of the new triple-screw U. S. cruiser "Columbia," and she is found to be a wonder, really "the gem of the ocean." For forty-eight hours the "Columbia" was subjected to a severe test of her engines and boilers, and although no effort was made to drive the boat, she developed, under natural draught and with the three engines and eight boilers working, eighteen and one-half knots an hour. Her coal endurance and batteries were found to be about perfect.

At the grand 4th of July meeting of the Osage Valley Union Agricultural Association, the following prizes are offered:

No. 1, 3-minute class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 2, 2:35 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 3, 2:45 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 4, 2:55 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 5, 3:05 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 6, 3:15 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 7, 3:25 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 8, 3:35 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 9, 3:45 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 10, 3:55 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 11, 4:05 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 12, 4:15 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 13, 4:25 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 14, 4:35 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 15, 4:45 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 16, 4:55 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 17, 5:05 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 18, 5:15 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 19, 5:25 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 20, 5:35 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 21, 5:45 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 22, 5:55 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 23, 6:05 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 24, 6:15 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 25, 6:25 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 26, 6:35 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 27, 6:45 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 28, 6:55 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 29, 7:05 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 30, 7:15 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 31, 7:25 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 32, 7:35 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 33, 7:45 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 34, 7:55 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 35, 8:05 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 36, 8:15 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 37, 8:25 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 38, 8:35 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 39, 8:45 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 40, 8:55 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 41, 9:05 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 42, 9:15 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 43, 9:25 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 44, 9:35 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 45, 9:45 class, trotting purse, \$150. No. 46, 9:55 class, trotting purse, \$150. 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Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.
A LESSON FROM THE DANDELIONS.

BY LIZZIE A. L. TIBBETTS.

Happy little dandelions,
Smiling in the grass,
Looking up into my face
So brightly as I pass,
What do you find to think about
That makes you look so gay?
Everything looks blue this morning,
And I'm "awful cross," they say!

"Are you, my boy? I'm sorry, now,"
A dandelion said;
"I wouldn't frown, you ought to wear
A smiling face instead!
Every one of us, this morning,
When we saw the sun,
Wang a little song of praise,
A very merry one.

But when we wake, and, peeping out,
Behold a stormy sky,
We close our eyes again, and think
Of sunny days gone by.
We never watch the frowning clouds,
We do not fret and sigh
And talk about the gloomy day!
We only wait, and try

To think of all the pleasant things,
And never mind the rain;
For, if we wait the whole day long,
Our tears would be in vain.
No dandelion ever thinks
Of being blue and sad!
Our hearts are just as sunny
As our faces, little lad!"

Happy little dandelions,
Smiling in the grass,
Looking up into my face
So brightly as I pass,
If pleasant thoughts make faces bright
I'll tell you what I'll do:
When I feel "cross" and "out of sorts,"
Why, I'll just think of you!

Our Story Teller.

A NOVEL WEDDING GIFT.

It was all the fault of Scarritt's philosophic inventive mind. I said to him one day:

"Scarritt, you will invent something yet that will make enemies of all the friends you have."

"Not if they know how to use it," he replied. "My inventions are all as simple as A B C. Any child can use them, once they understand what they are for."

I always liked Scarritt. We went through college together, and he still kept the disposition which had there gained him the reputation of a jolly good fellow.

But Scarritt had a weakness; he would invent things. His inventions were peculiar. That they were original, nobody denied; that they were useful, nobody admitted.

He had invented a machine for picking poultry, but the machine cost more than hired help, and it was slow, though it did its work well enough.

Another invention of his was a combination salt and pepper shaker. It worked to perfection if you didn't care which condiment you sprinkled upon your food; but if you desired pepper, it was sure to render salt, and vice versa.

He had contrived a combination sleigh and carriage, which would have been a bonanza except that it cost a small fortune to have it manufactured at all. So that while aiming at economy, Scarritt had achieved only luxury.

Yet Scarritt was not discouraged. He went happily forward, inventing something new and ingenious every little while. It was the general opinion of his friends that in time he would invent something really great, and very possibly without malice aforethought. But this story is about a wedding gift.

After a sufficiently ardent courtship of Nanette Cartwright, I had offered myself and been accepted; first, by the young lady herself, then by her more formidable papa, and through these two by the entire Cartwright family. It was then decided by Nanette and myself that we would be married in June the following summer.

I began at once the construction of a cottage in the suburbs. It was to be ready for us when we returned from the honeymoon. This modest home was not far away from my business, and at the same time it held all the charms of the country. I was careful to provide it with all modern conveniences, however, and that was primarily the cause of Scarritt's wedding gift.

I was dining at the club one day, when Scarritt, looking especially radiant, joined me at the table.

"You look happy, Scarritt," I remarked; "not going to be married, too, are you?"

"Oh, no, Reason; but I've just got a patent for my combination lock and burglar alarm, and I feel as good or even better than a bachelor about to become a benedict."

"Ah, that is good luck—although I can't say I would trade places with you."

"Well, every man to his taste. But my lock is better than wedlock—for me. I have all arrangements made for its manufacture, too, and inside of thirty days I will have it on the market."

"What are its special features?" "Simplicity of construction is one. You push a button and it looks all your doors and windows. Then, if anyone tries to effect an entrance, it sounds an alarm and registers the point of attack, so you know just where to look for the marauder—who is generally gone when you look for him. Anyway, he can't get in, and it's an elegant thing, especially for suburban houses, where the constabulary is either inadequate or entirely wanting."

"There is certainly a large field for such an invention," I said, encouragingly. "I may want to put one into my new home in the suburbs. What do you cost?"

"Don't know exactly, but I'll make you rock-bottom figures on one," replied Scarritt.

Of course, I never really intended to buy one of the things, and from that time until my wedding day I banished the subject completely from my mind. It was at the wedding reception that Scarritt came to us with his hearty congratulations and good wishes and went on to remark:

"I have a little present for you, but I couldn't exactly deliver it here, so I have sent it to your new home, and it will be ready to receive you when you return from the wedding trip."

"Oh, Mr. Scarritt, I'm sure it's something lovely!" exclaimed the bride, with enthusiasm.

"I don't know that you will retain that opinion after you see the article," Scarritt replied. "It is strictly utilitarian—ought to be in every household. In fact, it's one of my new patents—a combination lock and burglar alarm. I'm going to have it put

in, and it will be all in working order when you return."

I felt that a cloud had already appeared upon our fair horizon, but the least I could do was to express my thanks to Scarritt for his gift.

I saw that he had taken in earnest my friendly inquiry at the club regarding his invention, and he was confident I should be pleased with one. I hoped that it would turn out all right, but I had grave doubts, which followed me during two weeks of an otherwise unalloyed honeymoon.

We returned a day or two sooner than we expected, and repaired at once to the new house, which Nanette was very anxious to "get settled." I was glad to be early on the scene, for I had a feeling that the burglar alarm would give me trouble of some kind. And so it proved.

Thoughtful friends had arranged things in something like order at the cottage, and I soon discovered the centripetal point of Scarritt's present. It was an innocent-looking button in the hallway.

I called Nanette to look at it. "This is Scarritt's gift," said I. "Where?"

"There—that button, and those wires running about it."

"Oh, and will it work? How nice of Mr. Scarritt to think of giving us such a present! I shall feel just perfectly safe when you are away, Fred, and you will know I am secure from harm when I can look myself in and scare away all the traps, won't you, dear?"

"Um-um," said I, twisting the button. It refused to move. Then I remembered that Scarritt had told me it would not lock up the house unless all the doors and windows were closed. As it was a warm day, we had opened two or three windows. I closed these and tried the button again. It turned.

On examination I found everything as tight as a drum. I was much pleased. Scarritt's gift was going to be a genuine comfort after all.

Having made a careful survey, I returned to the centripetal point in the hallway for the purpose of unlocking the house. The button turned, but the doors refused to open. The windows proved equally obstinate. Again and again I turned the button. It worked easily in either direction, but the connection was apparently off.

"Won't it unlock?" said Nanette. "Oh, I guess there's something the matter with it," I replied, evasively. I hated to have my wife think I was not master of any situation.

I pulled the wires, pushed the button, pried at the windows and struggled with the doors—all to no purpose. We were apparently very much at home.

"Oh, Fred, it's so warm! Do open a window, please!" came in an appealing voice from the lady of the house.

"Well, I'm trying my level best," I replied, mopping the perspiration from my red-hot forehead.

"Oh, dear! I'm afraid we're imprisoned. Won't anybody rescue us?" "I can break through a window, if nothing else will do," said I, in a tone that corresponded favorably with the atmosphere.

"But that would set off the alarm, wouldn't it?" said she.

"True, I had not thought of that." Here was a predicament—looked in our own house in a strange neighborhood, and no prospect of escape without creating a commotion of some sort.

The closed house was becoming almost unbearable by reason of the heat; it was fast approaching nightfall; none of our relatives knew we were at home; there was little or no food in the house, no provision for light, and no prospect of deliverance.

Scarritt's gift was outdoing my utmost expectations.

I began to curse the day when he had invented the thing and the hour when he had presented it to me.

Nanette, tired with her journey, was in no condition to endure such a state of affairs. Her imagination began at once to exercise itself.

"What if nobody should find us for days, Fred? Shouldn't we starve? Oh, how dreadful to have our bodies found here in this new house! And just think of having our names in the papers for days and days!"

"Oh, somebody will be here before long and find us," said I, sitting down disconsolately on the staircase.

"And O, Fred, what if the house should take fire? I have read of children being locked up in houses and burned to death while their parents were away, and I have always thought what a terrible death it would be."

I could not deny the horror of a holocaust, so I held my peace.

"Fred, dear, if either of us should be sick in the night, what could we do? How could I get a doctor if you were sick? Oh, dear? Just know you will be sick! You look so tired and pale now, poor boy!"

As I did not even know that the suburb possessed a doctor, I maintained a discreet silence.

Just here a distant roll of thunder stole in through the air-tight casement.

"There! I am certain we are going to have a tornado, and the whole village will be blown away, and not a sign of us will ever be discovered!" exclaimed my now agonized wife. It was clear that I was about to have a case of hysteria on my hands. I did not relish the prospect, for my knowledge of materia medica was very slight.

I did my best to comfort my fearful bride. Happily there was water in the house, and the remnants of a lunch from our gripsack served us in good stead of our first supper at home.

"There is one thing we need not fear, Nanette," said I. "What is that?"

"Oh, dear! I think I'd be glad to see even a burglar. Have you tried to set off the alarm, Fred?"

"No, I didn't know of any way except by breaking a lock."

"Won't it go off kind of easy, so that the neighbors won't be frightened, you know?"

"Don't think so. If Scarritt had any alarm at all, it would go hard."

"Oh, don't go near the thing, then! What if it should go off, and the police come and carry us off to jail?"

"Well, this seems to be a pretty tight jail right here, with small chances of getting bailed out," I replied.

By this time it had grown dark, and we prepared to pass the night as best we could.

The shower came and passed, leaving the atmosphere more oppressive than before. Sleep was manifestly impossible. I fanned Nanette, who was restless and full of fears.

Every minute seemed an hour, without a single ray of light.

Finally I thought of something. "Nanette, I've an idea."

"What is it?" "There's a big wide chimney to this cottage, isn't there?"

"Yes." "Well, I believe I can get out of here through that chimney."

"But, Fred, how can you get past the bend? I'm sure you never can."

"Nothing like trying, Nan—and I'm going to try as soon as it's daylight."

"But suppose somebody should see you?"

"Let 'em see! I'm for getting out of this place before I have to be carried out."

"But you'll be sure to fall, dear, and break a leg."

"Well, I'll risk that part of it. I'll take a rope along with me, and let myself down easy from the top. You'll see!"

"Oh, I do hope you can. Then you won't have to make the alarm sound, will you? But what are you going to do when you get down?"

"Going to send for Scarritt."

"And leave me here all alone?"

"Oh, not for long."

"But I don't want you to go away."

"Well, I must for a little while—only a little while, Nan."

"Oh, I shall be scared to death. I just know I shall."

I calmed her fears, and she finally fell asleep. At the first break of day I repaired to the chimney, and found that it was wide enough to admit me.

I prepared for the ascent by removing the most of my clothing, and tying around my waist a rope, which I intended to use in letting myself down from the chimney top.

While Nan slept, I thought it a good opportunity to make the ascent, hoping I could get out and return with the combination to Scarritt's lock before she awoke.

I got in the chimney and worked up to the bend without difficulty. The bend was a sharp one. After passing it I used to reflect on my past life and the situation. From that point the chimney narrowed to the top. It was rough climbing, but I started again, and went on until I found the opening was too small to proceed further. I worked hard, but finally I had to give up the idea of advancement in that direction.

In preparing to descend, however, I found I could make no progress downward. In vain I pushed and strained and twisted. I was wedged fast. I was afraid to call aloud for fear of waking Nan, who would be frightened if she could not see me anywhere.

For at least an hour I remained in my tight place. This gave me plenty of time to reflect on my past life and the situation. From that point the chimney narrowed to the top. It was rough climbing, but I started again, and went on until I found the opening was too small to proceed further. I worked hard, but finally I had to give up the idea of advancement in that direction.

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A LONE FISHERMAN.

"The picture of a man sitting on a burro in mid-mountain, in the heart of the southern Sierras, miles from anywhere, has nothing remarkable in it," said the naturalist; "but when you consider the burro as asleep, and the rider holding a fishing line with one hand and a well-thumbed copy of *Edipus* with the other, which he is reading through a cloud, and from a well-fixed pipe, the scene takes on another phase."

"Such a man I met one day in the great river of verdure known as the Arroyo Seco, that winds away from Los Angeles up through the San Gabriel valley, entering the Sierras at Pasadena and thence passing through a region of varied delights."

"Senior," I began.

"Sebastian," he replied, without looking up.

"Senior Sebastian," I continued, "regret, in these solitudes, to be obliged to inform you that you are infringing a patent right of mine."

"How so?" retorted Senior Sebastian, glancing up from the book, which he now dropped into the pocket of his corduroy coat.

"In this: I was the originator of fishing on horseback."

"Ah!" said the senior, "you may be the inventor, but I am the improver, see?" And for the first time I noticed that the line was fastened to a hole in the tip of the burro's ear. If you have ever observed, said the fisherman, "the habits of the burro, or we will say his head, you will have noticed that the ears are always moving back and forth. It's just the motion I want in fishing, so I adopted it, and—"

"As he spoke the line stiffened out, the burro's head, or, so to speak, his right ear, bent forward suddenly, and the burro himself awoke with a start."

"Watch him," said the fisherman. The burro's eye had first settled on me in an inquiring way, then realizing that something was tugging at his ear, he drew the member up to the horizontal, at which the trout, for such it was, left the water with a bound, and in its return drew the ear down again. The burro now seemed to concentrate all his energies in the contest, and the ear gravitated between the upright and the horizontal. "You see," remarked Senior Sebastian again, "the burro plays the fish, and I, suiting the action to the word, 'pull him in.' And with the air of a fisher further back was the speaker unhooked the trout, dropped it into a pocket of his coat, and having impaled a fresh worm and cast the line, the fisherman fell for his *Edipus*, and the burro fell asleep."

"I deem it," continued the senior, after relighting his pipe, "the privilege, if not the duty, of man to take life at the normal angle, or as near it as possible. In other words, he should take solid ground, and I have seen the hard side of it right in sight of these mountains. I came here forty years ago, when the whole country was a sheep ranch. I walked across the Mojave desert in August, and I see now they find men dead who have tried it. Yes, I was after gold and adventure, and got both."

"It came about in this way," said the senior, getting up, and rolled up his own line and joined me on the trail up the arroyo. "I was living in Santa Fe in the fifties, trading mostly, and one night a man rushed into the saloon where I was and said a man was dying and wanted to see a priest. I was a Catholic and the next best thing, so I went along. You know where the old palace is to-day in Santa Fe? Well, he took me down a street back of that, and in an old adobe I found a man, a half breed, with death in his face. He had been stabbed in a brawl an hour before, and was so near gone that I didn't have the heart to tell him I was not a priest. He sent the others out of the room, bade me look the man over, and with his mouth to my ear told me to remember what he said. He had been a bad man, had killed several men, and wanted to do something to expiate his crime, so told his secret to the church. He told me to pull off his belt, which I did, and in it was a row of some of the biggest chunks of gold I ever saw in this country."

In another part was an old piece of sheepskin, and on it a map, rude, but good enough, of these very mountains. He said that he and two others had discovered a valuable placer in the mouth of a canyon where you could pick up pieces like those, and confessed that he had killed his partners to get control of it all. The murder was done on the desert at Coyote Springs, and after he had covered the bodies in the sand he started back to the placer. He got there at night. Said he: 'I don't know how it happened, but the next I knew I found myself in a hardy's cabin, and he said he found me crazy on the desert. I got better and I never went back to the place, but I want to leave the gold to the church. I took the map, then wrote down the directions, and to prove his story he told me where he had buried the men, and made me promise to erect a cross over them.'

"Well," continued the senior, after a short pause, "the man died, and a few days later the Sierras for the Sierras across the desert. I found the place where the bodies were, as it was near water. I didn't waste much time there, but pushed on, and in three days, as near as I could reckon, was somewhere near the spot. The map called for several mountains to be in a line, then the mouth of a canyon, marked by a big scycamore; and there were other directions. My friend, to make a long story short, I'm hunting that placer yet, and if there is one, from Mojave to Warner's ranch, that I don't know I'd like to see it. That was forty years ago, and I've made up my mind that the man was mad. That he had killed the men there could be little doubt, but the placer must have been in his imagination. But here is my shanty. I'll show you the map."

"The shanty was a rough board affair set back against the mountain, and so partook of its general color that it might have been passed unnoticed by the stroller up the arroyo had it not been for the score or more of white beehives scattered over the space in front of it, from which rose an ominous humming. The shanty contained but two rooms, one a kitchen, the other a library. The sleeping room was out of doors when it did not rain. The books were few, but to the point, their selection telling of a man of taste; and conspicuously hung on the wall, in an old looking-glass frame, was the gold seeker's map."

"You can have half the output if you can find the placer," said the owner of the map.

"The map was on a piece of sheepskin, carefully drawn in what had been

red ink, and bore the appearance of having been made in good faith."

"No, I don't get lonely here," said the old man in reply to my question; "there is plenty of company of a decided variety. I generally sleep out yonder in a hammock swung between two trees. I like plenty of air, and one night I awoke, as one will sometimes, feeling that some one is around. I kept perfectly still, and soon heard a step as soft as a cat could make, then another, and then two fiery eyes looked into mine. My rifle was in the house, so I waited. The animal soon turned and walked off, and a few moments later I heard a rush, then a scream in the boral. I ran for my rifle, and got back in time to hear something leap into the house. I found my burro badly wounded, his side cut and torn, but I believe to this day that he kicked the mountain lion over the fence; he was equal to it. We trailed the lion the next day, but lost it up the canyon."

"Bears frequently come down and try conclusions with the bees. One night, hearing a loud noise, I went out, rifle in hand, and there stood a big grizzly not ten feet away, in the moonlight, looking twice as big as he was. He had a beehive under one arm, and was brushing bees off with the other. The moment he saw me he began to growl, and I wasted no time, but let him have it just where I thought the heart was. He dropped on all fours and made off, and I fired several times. And to show the tenacity of bear life under difficulties, we found the animal the next day five hundred yards away up the side of the canyon dead, with a ball through his heart. I have known them to go even further with the heart blown to pieces."

Senior Sebastian was a type of men who live in the nooks and corners of the great ranges. There are several living the lives of hermits, some of high education, who have filled places of honor in the world at times. All have a story. Something occurred in their lives to drive them away from their fellow men.

"The abodes of these hermits are becoming known to the public, and modern science and engineering will soon throw open all the nooks and corners of the great range."—N. Y. Sun.

A COLONY OF MERRY.

Skipping's farm is to be the site of the first English epileptic settlement—a settlement, that is, whose patients will find in work of some sort the main cure, or alleviation at least, for their ailments of mind and body. The idea of such a settlement is by no means new. The first settlement or colony of the kind in Europe, or in the world, was founded at Gadderbaum, near Bielefeld, in Westphalia, more than twenty years ago. Skipping's farm colony will be established to some extent on the German model. The general purpose of the national society may be described, in Sir James Crichton Browne's words, as "the establishment of colonies which will be busy little lives of industry, with two sorts of products, the fruits of the earth and manufactured articles for sale and mental contentment and improved health, which are beyond all price."

It will be unnecessary to begin the colony on a grand scale. A colony of this kind, to be at all successful, should grow mainly by its own resources—should be nearly self-supporting. The Bielefeld colony began with twenty patients, and is now a large, well-built, prosperous village of about 1,500 patients, with splendid workshops, gardens and farms.

In the Bielefeld colony, of which Skipping's farm colony is to be a kind of copy, all the epileptic patients do something or other. These who are ready for the reception of any workman or workwoman, worshiper, scholar, inmate, who may drop down in the midst of his or her duty. Of course, those who are subject to frequent and violent fits are not put in positions where they cannot be constantly watched. The Bielefeld colony is one of the most pathetic sights in the world. And yet how happy that little town of epileptics really is! It is marvelous, and the secret of it is—work, the kind of work that each can do best, and even then no more of it than is good for him or her. Some, who are good for nothing else, carry messages.

An old barn acts as colonial postman. He sometimes falls down in a fit, but his fits are never severe. He knows when they are coming and he has a knack of clutching his letter bag in the nick of time, so that when he wakes up again, in half a minute or so, he may find his trust unimpaired. These epileptics build their own houses, till their own fields, grow their own flowers, bake their own bread, black their own boots, do their own washing, mending, darning, ironing, clip each other's hair, shave each other's cheeks and chins and watch over each other's fits; in other words, they save tens of thousands of pounds which otherwise would have to be spent on imported labor and by doing their own work they are following the very best means of effecting their own cure. Occupation for body and mind—such is the secret of the marvelous success of that unique colony at Bielefeld. The too common practice in England of sending epileptic patients to lunatic asylums is as stupid as it is cruel. An epileptic patient is not necessarily a madman. But many an epileptic patient has been driven into insanity by enforced association with lunatics. The number of epileptics in England is estimated at about 150,000; that is the estimate which has been given me, but I cannot just now vouch for its accuracy. In any case the total must be very great. The colony at Skipping's farm, even if it ever becomes as great and flourishing as the Westphalian colony, can only shelter a small fraction of that immense multitude.—London News.

Sir Isaac Newton's treatise on "Optics" attracted no attention in his own country until it had made a profound sensation in France.

